

The Historie of

Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poin-
set upon them, they all runne away, and Fal-
stafte after a blow or two runs away too, lea-
uing the bootie behinde them.*

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merily to horse: the theeuers
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare not
meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away good
Ned, Falstafte swears to death, and lards the leane earth as hee
walkes along: wer't not for laughing I should pittie him.

Poin. How the rogue roard.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

*But for mine owne part my Lord, I could be well contented to bee
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the respect of the
loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his owne
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why that's certaine, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to
drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger,
we plucke this flower safene.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named
uncertaine, the time it selfe vnforted, and your whole plot too light, for
the counterpoysse of so great an opposition,*

Say you so: say you so. I say vnto you againe, you are a shal-
low cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lacke-braine is this? by
the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true
and constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an
excellent plot, very good friends; what a frostie spirited rogue is
this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the gene-
rall course of the Action. Zoundes and I were now by this rascall,
I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my
father, my vnckle, and my selfe, Lorde Edmund Mortimer, my
Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the
Dowglas haue I not al their letters to meete me in armes by the
ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set for-
ward already? what a pagan rascall is this, and infidel? Ha, you
shall see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will hee to
the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide

Henry IV.

my selfe, & go to buffets, for me
with so honourable an action.
we are prepared: I will set forwa-
How now Kate, I must leaue y

Lady O my good Lord, wh
For what offence haue I this fo
A banisht woman from my H
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't t
Thy stomake, pleasure, and thy
Why dost thou bend thine eyes
And start so often when thou si
Why hast thou lost the fresh bl
And giuen my treasures and my
To thicke eyde musing, and cur
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee
And heard thee murmur tales
Speake tearmes of mannage to th
Cry courage to the field. And
Of fallies, and retires, of trenches
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parap
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin
Of prisoners ransome, and of sou
And all the currents of a heddy f
Thy spirit within thee hath been
And thus hath so bestird thee in
That beds of sweat haue stood v
Like bubbles in a late disturbed f
And in thy face strange motions
Such as we see when men restrai
On some great sodaine haste. O
Some heauy businesse hath my L
And I must know it, else he loues

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams wi

Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre

Hot. Hath Butler brought th

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he

Hot. What horse? a roane? a c

Ser. It is, my Lord.